MARVEL
PSR 46

EXILES

EARN YOUR WINGS 1 OF 3

They have become unhinged from time. They are heroes from different realities who must travel together from one alternate reality to another, completing missions to repair broken links in the chain of time. They are the EXILES and this is their fate.

PREVIOUSLY

EXILES

"EARN YOUR WINGS"

LAST ISSUE

Parallel universes. Alternate realities. Some are like the world we know, others completely different. And a few especially tragic realities are twisted, damaged and downright dangerous. That's where you'll find the EXILES–a team of mutants who repair the broken links in the chains of Time, restoring the cosmic balance.

Plucked from their own separate realities by an entity called the Timebroker, these six heroes travel from one flawed version of Earth to the next, setting things right and working toward the day when their job is done and they can return to their former lives.

Their guide on this dimension-hopping quest is a mysterious bracelet talisman known as the "Tallus." But the missions the Tallus tells them to carry out often call for desperate choices that threaten to destroy who the Exiles are, even as they save each timeline gone wrong.

Having lost their teammate MAGIK to a murderous version of HYPERION, the Exiles teleport to their next destination, unaware that they are about to meet their newest member.

Exiles (ISSN #1540-0964) **No. 46, July, 2004.** Published Monthly except semi-monthly in February, March, April, July, October and November by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2004 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO Exiles, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 566-7020. subscriptions@marvel.com.** ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, President of Publishing and CIO; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at rbrown@marvel.com or 212-576-8561.

THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
WEEKS AGO...

EARN YOUR WINGS

Part One of Three

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THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
NOW...

BEAK!

GET YOUR SCRAWNY BUTT BACK IN HERE BEFORE SOME CHICKEN-HAWK HAS YOU FOR *BREAKFAST!*

SET THE DARN *TABLE*, BEAKIE, BEFORE THE *PANCAKES* GET COLD!

HI, DADDY!

YOU BETTER NOT BE FILLIN' UP ON *WORMS* OUT THERE...!

I WAS JUST WATCHING THEM REBUILD THE *MANSION.* THEY DON'T LET ME HELP, SINCE I LOST MISTER LOGAN'S *HAMMER.*

WHATEVER. LONG AS THEY DON'T 'SPECT ME TO PITCH IN. *MAN,* I'M *STARVED...*

ME, TOO!

NOW, *HOLD* ON JUST A SECOND, CHILDREN...

BLESS US, LORD, AND THIS FOOD WE EAT...

...THANKS FOR MAKING US A *FAMILY...* THANKS FOR THE X-MEN LETTING US LIVE OUT *HERE,* INSTEAD OF IN THE *DORM...*

...AND HELP US BE WORTHY OF HOW *SPECIAL* YOU MADE US...

...AMEN.

HAUUCHH

SHLUUURP

SHLUCK

MUNCH

GLURP

BRAAAP

VUP-VUP-VUP

SHLUUURP

SHLUCK

BLINNNNK

WHOA--!

PLOOSH

EVERYONE *OKAY?*

COULD'VE SWORN SOMEONE *ELSE* 'PORTED IN WITH US, CALVIN.

UH-OH... SUPPOSE OUR NEW EXILE CAN'T *SWIM?*

LOOK AROUND, MORPH.

WHERE'S HASSELHOFF WHEN YA *NEED* HIM? THOUGH I'D PREFER *PAMMY* IF IT CALLS FOR MOUTH-TO--

--YOWZA!

GANG! YOU ARE *NOT* GONNA BELIEVE THIS ONE--!

HOO-BOY...

CAL--! STOP STARING...!

I AM *NAMORA*, AVENGING DAUGHTER OF ATLANTIS. *IMPERIUS REGINA!*

AND I...

...HAVE BECOME *UNHINGED* FROM TIME.

WELCOME TO THE *CLUB*...

...THOUGH I'M NOT SURE HOW MANY *MORE* POINTY-EARED-MULTI-COLORED CHICKS WE'RE GONNA LET INTO OUR LITTLE *EXILES* CLUB. THIS IS GETTING *RIDICULOUS*--!

WELL, AT LEAST WE'RE NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *PACIFIC*...

NEW YORK HARBOR...NO GIANT ROBOTS OR ALIENS TAKING OVER..LOOKS PRETTY *NORMAL*, FOLKS.

EXCEPT THE *TWIN TOWERS* AREN'T THERE.

MAYBE THEY WERE NEVER *BUILT* IN THIS REALITY.

MORPH, CAN YOU GO FIND A *NEWSSTAND*?

RIGHT. BETTER FIGURE OUT WHAT'S *HAPPENING* IN THIS WORLD...

Y'THINK THEY'RE, LIKE, *TERRORISTS* OR SOMETHIN'...?

S'PROBABLY A PUBLICITY STUNT. MUTANTS ARE ALL *CASHIN'* IN THESE DAYS...

THIS OUGHT TO LIVEN UP THE OL' VACATION SLIDES...

WALTER--!

SO... I THOUGHT THE *BLUE* ATLANTEANS COULDN'T *BREATHE* OUT OF WATER...?

NEITHER CAN MOST ATLANTEANS *FLY*, OR RIP OPEN NUCLEAR SUBMARINES WITH THEIR *BARE HANDS*.

THEN AGAIN, MOST ATLANTEANS ARE NOT *MUTANTS*.

BEFORE PLACING ME WITH YOU, A BEING CALLED THE *TIMEBROKER* TOLD ME WE HAVE ALL BEEN *PLUCKED* FROM OUR RESPECTIVE TIMELINES...

...AND THE *ONLY* WAY TO WIN OUR OLD LIVES BACK IS TO TRAVEL FROM ONE DISASTROUS ALTERNATE REALITY TO THE NEXT, *REPAIRING* THEM.

YEAH, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE *DEAL* WITH US EXILES. I'M *BLINK*, BY THE WAY. TEAM LEADER.

MIMIC'S THE CUTE GUY, *MORPH'S* THE SMART ALECK, *NOCTURNE'S* THE BLUE GAL, AND WHEN HEATHER'S BIG AND FURRY WE CALL HER *SASQUATCH*.

AS FOR THE TIMEBROKER, WE DON'T *SEE* HIM MUCH. USUALLY, OUR INSTRUCTIONS COME THROUGH *THIS* THING-- THE *TALLUS*--

AND YOU FIND THIS ARRANGEMENT *ACCEPTABLE?!* TO BE ABDUCTED AND *ENSLAVED* BY UNSEEN POWERS?

HEY!

WE DON'T SEE IT THAT WAY...

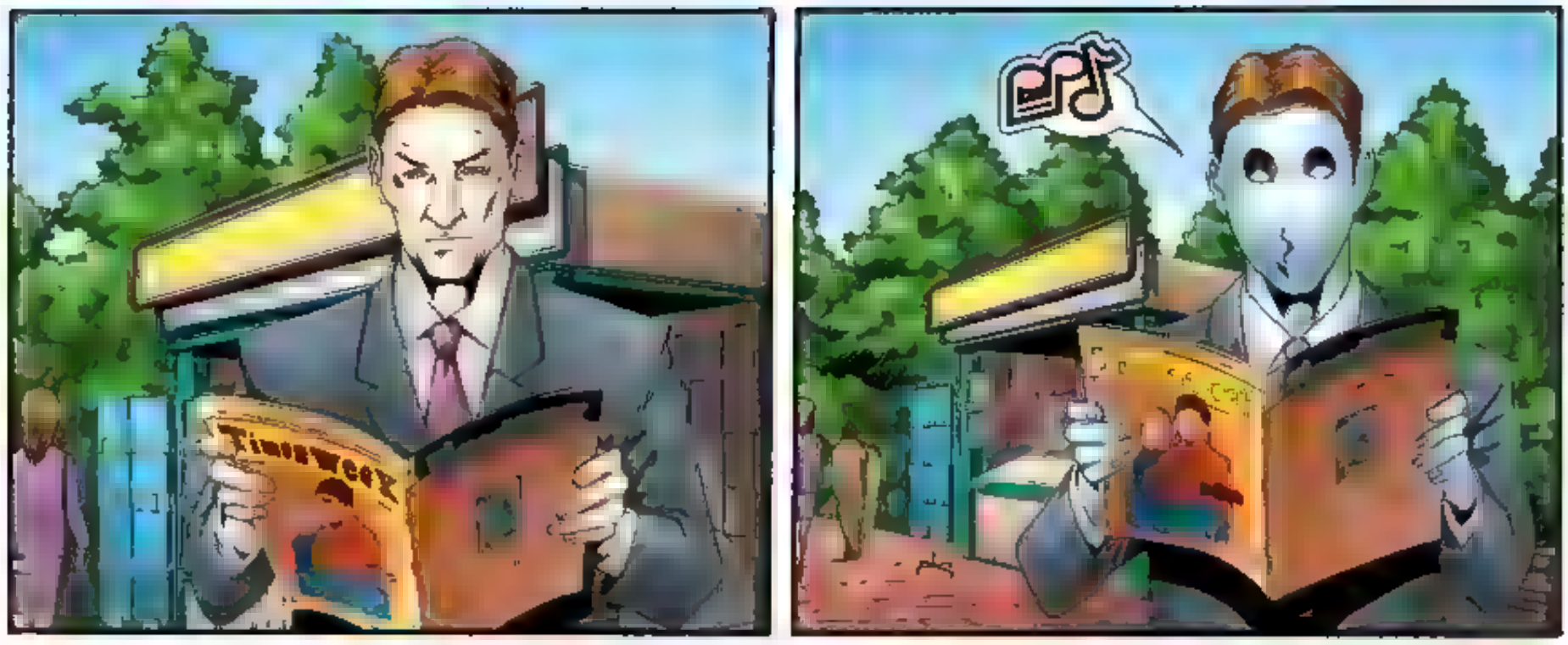
...REMEMBER, THE TIMEBROKER'S NOT REALLY A *PERSON*. HE'S MORE A *FIGMENT* OF OUR COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS, IF YOU FOLLOW MY MEANING.

IT'S ACTUALLY *SPACE-TIME ITSELF* THAT--

AND I SUPPOSE THE TIMEBROKER FED YOU THIS LINE OF *NONSENSE?*

WELL...*YEAH*. BUT WE ALL *KNEW* IT WAS TRUE. WE KNEW IT DEEP DOWN IN OUR GUTS--

AH, YES. WHY *SHOULDN'T* I ENTRUST MY FUTURE TO YOUR *GUT...?*


TimesWeek

WELL, GANG, THIS AIN'T EXACTLY UTOPIA WE'VE LANDED IN.
ACCORDING TO THIS, AMERICA IS NOW THE MOST FEARED COUNTRY IN THE WORLD...
...AND-- NO JOKE--THE TERMINATOR GOT HIMSELF ELECTED GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA!
NOBODY'S THAT CRAZY...
LOOKS LIKE YET ANOTHER REALITY GONE BAD.
REAL BAD.

SO WHAT DOES THE *TALLUS* WANT US TO DO ABOUT IT?

IS THIS VERSION OF EARTH ABOUT TO *SELF-DESTRUCT?* ARE WE SUPPOSED TO STOP AN ASTEROID FROM FALLING ON *BROOKLYN* OR SOMETHING?

WELL, BLINK?

WELL...

...IT SAYS, "LEAVE YOUR POSSESSIONS, AND EARN YOUR WINGS."

WHAT, ARE WE DOWN TO *RIDDLES* NOW?

THE TALLUS HAS NEVER BEEN THAT *VAGUE* BEFORE...

THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME.

I'LL NOT BE A PARTY TO YOUR FOOL'S ERRAND.

NAMORA, WAIT. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY. YOU ARE CONTENT IN SERVITUDE, BUT THE AVENGING DAUGHTER IS NO ONE'S SLAVE!

I SHALL RESIST OUR TRANSDIMENSIONAL KIDNAPPER, EVEN IF YOU WILL NOT.

SORRY, NAMORA, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO RUN OFF HALF-COCKED.

CANNOT ALLOW...?

SUPER-CATFIGHT!

I'LL GET SASQUATCH!

WE'LL HANDLE NAMORA!

BLEENK

SORRY, MORPH--!

SKRAK!

BY ALL MEANS, HANDLE ME!

DO TRY!

KLANG

YOU WILL ALL *THANK* ME LATER!

COACH TIMEBROKER'S GONNA *BENCH* HER FOR SURE!

I HOPE HE *DOES* REPLACE HER...

...NO WAY DO I WANT TO GO REALITY-HOPPING WITH MISS SALT-BR.TCHES.

EXILE

BLINK

WHERE'D SHE GO?

YEAH, I OWE HER SOMETHING...

SHE SWAM OFF. I'M NOT SURE *WHERE*. SHE'S STILL CONVINCED THE TIMEBROKER'S OUR ENEMY.

NOW, DO WE SPEND TIME CHASING *NAMORA*, OR STICK TO OUR NEW *MISSION*?

SUCH AS IT IS.

I MEAN, WHAT *IS* OUR MISSION? WHAT IF WE TAKE THE *WRONG ACTION* AND JUST END UP MESSING UP THIS TIMELINE EVEN *WORSE*?

MAYBE WHAT THE TALLUS SAID WAS A *METAPHOR*?

MAYBE THERE'S *SOME CRISIS* BREWING THAT SYMBOLICALLY *FITS* THE WHOLE THING ABOUT *POSSESSIONS* AND *WINGS*.

BUT WHERE *DO* WE LOOK FOR *CLUES*? AVENGERS MANSION? THE BAXTER BUILDING?

DON'T YOU MEAN *FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA*?

I THOUGHT THE FANTASTIC FOUR WERE IN A *WAREHOUSE* ON THE WATERFRONT THESE DAYS?

IF WE HAVE TO LOOK BLINDLY FOR CLUES, I'D RATHER START SOMEWHERE MORE *FAMILIAR*--TO *US*, ANYWAY.

AND WHERE IS THAT?

WELL... *WESTCHESTER COUNTY* ISN'T THAT FAR FROM HERE...

ATLANTIS

MAJESTY!

INFORM LORD VASHTI THAT I SHALL REQUIRE HIS COUNSEL IN ONE HOUR. UNTIL THEN, *NONE* MAY ENTER.

BY YOUR COMMAND, LORD NAMOR

BLESSED SOL TIDE.

WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT SEEING IS BELIEVING. .

!

ME.

AS A MAN.

WITH *PINK* SKIN, LIKE SOME AIR-SUCKING SURFACE-WORLDER

THIS *IS* A VERY BADLY *WARPED* REALITY, INDEED.

INTRUDER! YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR *VIOLATING* THE THRONE OF--

--->WHULP<

IT'S MY THRONE, TOO!

USURPER! WHOEVER YOU ARE, I WILL--

JUST BE SILENT FOR TEN SECONDS AND YOU WILL UNDER-STAND!

I COME TO YOU NOT AS AN ENEMY, BUT BECAUSE THERE IS A THREAT TO THE REALM!

FOR THE SAKE OF OUR PEOPLE, HEAR ME OUT!

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD.

YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT YOU...

THAT IS BECAUSE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, I AM YOU.

FROM A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, THAT IS.

ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN...

WESTCHESTER

WOW.

LOOKS LIKE THE XAVIER SCHOOL GOT TAKEN APART BRICK BY BRICK...

..REMEMBER WHEN WE FOUGHT THAT EVIL VERSION OF *HAVOK*, AND THOSE MUTANT *WEREWOLVES?*

THESE LOOK LIKE THE *SAME* X-MEN WE MET ON THAT EARTH.

THAT'S THE SAME *NIGHTCRAWLER*, ANYHOW...

MAYBE WE SHOULD KEEP OUR DISTANCE. I SAW THE *WHITE QUEEN* DOWN THERE.

UM... WHO ARE *YOU* PEOPLE...?

THE BAXTER BUILDING, HOME OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR...

WELL, NAMOR, THIS IS *UNEXPECTED*, TO SAY THE LEAST...

DESPITE OUR PAST *DIFFERENCES*, RICHARDS, I KNOW *YOU* ARE THE ONE MAN ON EARTH BEST EQUIPPED TO *DEAL* WITH THIS RATHER DIRE SITUATION.

WHAT SITUATION? WHO *IS* THAT WITH YOU?

PERHAPS IT IS BETTER IF YOU INTRODUCE *YOURSELF* TO--

REED RICHARDS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR. I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT A *DELIGHT* IT IS TO MEET YOU AGAIN.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "AGAIN"...?

MY NAME IS *NAMORA*. I AM PRINCE NAMOR'S *COUNTERPART* FROM WHAT YOU MIGHT TERM A SEPARATE QUANTUM REALITY.

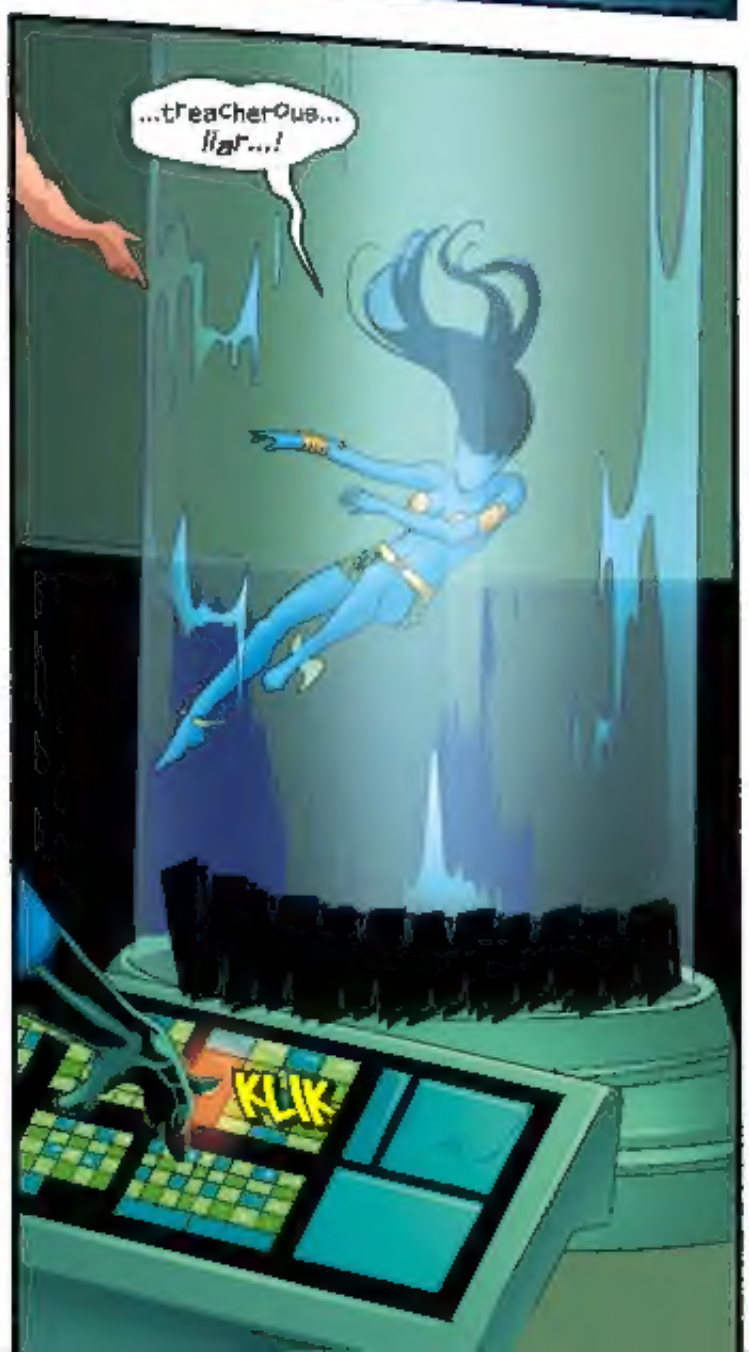
I WAS *FORCED* TO COME HERE BY A BEING CALLED THE TIMEBROKER, ON A MISSION TO *ALTER* THE FUTURE OF YOUR WORLD.

I... AH...

=UNH=

NAMOR--!
QUICKLY, RICHARDS--HELP ME CONTAIN HER!
...wh...?

THIS SHOULD HOLD HER, BUT--
JUST ACTIVATE IT--!
...k-kill you...


...treacherous... liar...!
KLIK

NAMOR, WHY DID YOU *ATTACK* HER? SHE CAME TO US FOR *HELP!*

WE CANNOT AFFORD TO *TRUST* HER, RICHARDS. THE *STAKES* ARE TOO HIGH!

RELEASE ME THIS INSTANT!

SHE SAID THIS "TIMEBROKER" ALSO SENT *FIVE OTHERS* FROM ALTERNATE UNIVERSES TO CARRY OUT HIS BIDDING!

SHE SAID THEY MAKE IT THEIR *BUSINESS* TO GALLIVANT AROUND, ALTERING THE COURSE OF ENTIRE *REALITIES!*

RUN WHATEVER *TESTS* YOU NEED TO DETERMINE IF HER STORY IS TRUE, BUT DO IT QUICKLY. FOR MY PART, I ALREADY *BELIEVE* HER...

...SHE IS MY OPPOSITE--ME, FROM ANOTHER LIFE!

AND IF WE DO NOT *STOP* THESE SO-CALLED *EXILES*, OUR DESTINIES WILL BE REWRITTEN BY *THEM!*

SUSAN! BEN! JOHNNY! MEET ME IN MY *WORKSHOP!*

WE'RE GOING TO *HELP* PRINCE NAMOR RESOLVE A *CRISIS!*

KLIK

MEANWHILE...

IT IS NOT REALLY *MY* HELMET-- IT BELONGED TO MISTER *XORN.*

XORN...?

YEAH. TURNED OUT HE WAS REALLY *MAGNETO,* BUT BACK WHEN HE WORE THIS, HE WAS SO *COOL*....

...I GUESS I HOPED SOME OF THAT COOL WOULD RUB OFF ON *ME.*

UH...YOU PEOPLE AREN'T GOING TO *HURT* ME...ARE YOU...?

NO. WE WON'T HURT YOU AT ALL... *BARNELL,* WAS IT? BUT WE NEED TO KEEP OUR PRESENCE HERE *SECRET.*

HOW COME?

GUYS! THE TALLUS HAS AN *UPDATE!*

IT SAYS NAMORA HAS *COMPLICATED* THINGS.

SHE BLABBED TO THE WRONG PEOPLE ABOUT US. NOW THE TALLUS SAYS WE HAVE TO RESCUE HER FROM *NAMOR* AND THE *FANTASTIC FOUR!*

THAT'S HOW COME.

TO BE CONTINUED